

# THE STATE SENTINEL.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

EVERAL VOLUMES IS THE PRICE OF ENERGY.

INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE 21, 1845.

For Congress, Fifth District.

WILLIAM W. WICK.

## The Death of General Jackson.

In accordance with custom, we put our sheet in the habiliments of mourning, for the decease of ANDREW JACKSON. It is a sombre aspect for the first number of a new volume, as this is, of our weekly paper; but we have nevertheless the consolatory reflection to soothe our grief, that the deceased was in all respects ready for the summons of the Grim Messenger.

We copy below further particulars of the death and burial, together with the just and eloquent tribute of the Louisville Democrat to the virtues of the Great Man now no more, as expressing, much better than we can do it, for ourselves, the feelings occasioned by this melancholy yet inevitable event:

*From the Louisville Democrat, June 16.*

## The Death and Funeral of Andrew Jackson.

The Nashville Union of the 12th instant, has furnished us with some further particulars, relative to the decease and funeral of this illustrious patriot. He had been long apparent both to himself and his immediate friends, that his early career was rapidly drawing to its close. Several times of late, the flickering light of life seemed upon the point of going out, but by timely aid and skilful medical attendance, it was temporarily revived.—On Sunday morning last, however, the Union “it became apparent that the skill of the physician was exhausted, and that the demands of the grim monster could no longer be resisted. The progress of his disease was such that life could no longer be sustained. This fact was known to the suffering old hero early on Sunday, and he freely committed it to his friends, his countrymen, and his family. During the day he had been occupied with his “innumerable sins”—his constant conversation had constant reference to his approaching dissolution, but at no time did he express the slightest apprehension as to his early preparation for the awful changes or the least fear of appearing in the presence of his Great Judge. We have heard many interesting details of his last day’s conversation which we intend to present hereafter in an authentic shape. At this time we must be content to state, that after discovering that he could not rest a few hours, he summoned around him his faithful domestics, and in a strain of purest emotion exhorted them to fidelity in all their duties, impressing upon them the all important subject of *Christianity*, and men taking a affectionate leave of him, he expressed the sincere hope that he might meet them all in heaven.

His conversation with his beloved family was characterized by the deepest solicitude for their welfare and safety. He rejoiced in intellect in full vigor down to the very time of his dissolution. His bodily pain was great, but it seemed to have no effect upon the clearness or vigor of his mental operations. His dying hour was cheered with the bright assurance within him that in a few short moments he would be united in heaven with his beloved wife, who had gone before him. Among the last words he said, was, that his sufferings, though great, were nothing in comparison with those of his dying savior, through whose death and suffering he looked for everlasting happiness. In this temper of mind he quietly and calmly breathed his last at 6 o’clock, P. M. on Sunday, the 18th inst.

When the melancholy intelligence reached Nashville, a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen was immediately convened, and resolutions adopted, calling a general meeting of the citizens. In pursuance of the call thus made, a very large meeting of the people of Nashville assembled at the Court House on Monday afternoon, and adopted a number of resolutions expressing their grief for the loss of so valiant a citizen, and making suitable arrangements for the funeral.

Early on Tuesday evening a vast concourse of people assembled at the Hermitage. The body was laid out in the hall, unswathed, every one being desirous to take a last lingering look at the mortal remains of him who had been the chief actor in so many glorious and eventful scenes. Many of his old companions in arms were present, and many a tear fell from their manly cheeks as they gazed for the last time upon his features cold in death.

Business of all kinds was suspended in Nashville—the houses were closed—the bells of all the churches tolled—and minute guns were fired during the morning. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Edgar. After the services, his body was conveyed to the vault prepared many years before for its reception, and there placed by the side of that of his beloved wife.

This has been consigned to the silent tomb, the last remains on earth of one of the brightest ornaments of America, and of the world. Although such an event has been long expected, the announcement of its actual occurrence affects us with an insuperable sadness. We scarcely know how to speak of it in suitable terms. How can we, indeed, express the loss which has been sustained? Andrew Jackson is dead!—his life’s labors are ended—the mantle of immortality has closed around him. Few men have been so evidently beloved by a majority of their countrymen, no other man of his time will be more mourned.

The London “Times” (marking up its opinions of matters and things in this country, from the statements of the Whig papers,) in one of its late articles, discussing the probable results of war, and looking out from the bullying tone which it at first assumed, observes:

“The Northern States are identified with the continuance of peace and the progress of manufactures. The Southern States would not like to sacrifice their trade in cotton, tobacco, and other products, for so lucrative an object. The braves in the West may deserve a row, from an inherent love of sport and of mischief, or a thirst for gain.”

Despite of this, my brother intelligence, nothing could more clearly prove the ignorance of the London “Times” than its remark in relation to the West, especially as to the feelings with which its people regard the Oregon question. In every respect, the impressions of the Times are the reverse of the truth. Our people have no desire for a “brave” or a “cowardly” nation. They have not made and will not make any *bluster* about it, in imitation of Sir Robert Peel and the London “Times.” But it is not the less certain that all and every hazard, they will incur in the rights of our country to the territory of Oregon. Indeed, they will take possession of it; and whenever they can, forcibly, if they must, without imminent possession. In doing this, they will not be impelled, as the “Times” supposes, by “an inherent love of sport or mischief,” and least of all, by “a thirst for gain.” They regard the question as one too serious for “sport,” and of all sections of our country, the people of the West are least controlled by “a thirst for gain”—much less than even the Soud, to whom the absence of such a desire is most frequently accorded. The Southern people are more liberal in expenditures; the Western people are careless about obtaining the means for being so. No one is Oregon desired by the West merely to promote its independence. The chief desire is, that the territory shall not become a part of the British empire, and consequently subject to the influences of English rapacity, oppression and avarice; but that it shall be a home of the free and a refuge for the oppressed. However they may be misinterpreted, or misrepresented by their enemies, this is the governing motive with the Western people; and the London “Times” cannot learn too soon, that they have the ability, as well as a firm determination, to act accordingly, notwithstanding the abuse of the “Times,” or the bluster and bullying of the British government.

He seemed to have an intuitive perception of the right and just course under all circumstances—and far beyond all living men, did he possess the ability to keep on the straight line of principle and duty, in despite of difficulties that seemed insurmountable and dangers the most appalling. At such times he counted no costs; he reckoned not who followed him, but with iron nerve and indomitable resolution he clove himself a passage through all obstacles, and struck with gigantic steps to the objects he held in view.

We may admit that he had faults—but who is there in the sublimer world that has not? He were, however, the faults of a man and a hero—man—we might say, originated from the excesses of those great qualities that made him a heroic and patriotic. It would be incongruous with his character, and of the spirit of Nature, to constitute an individual with moral and physical qualities so evenly balanced in all respects, as to enable him in all things, and in despite of all obstacles to reach the exact line which divests good from evil, without sometimes passing over from the impetus necessary to attain it. General Jackson may have done so on some occasions, but his errors were few and trifling, indeed, compared with his many virtues and the magnitude of his services. The consequences of the former have long passed away, but the

good that he has done will live after him in the glory he has added to our national character, and in the free institutions he has so materially aided to secure.

In person, General Jackson was tall, and of a some what spare make. He possessed a vigorous frame and remarkable powers of endurance. During his presidency (we never had the pleasure of seeing him during his earlier years,) his dignified and venerable aspect, and his urban and courteous manners, won the involuntary affection and esteem of all who came within the range of his influence. Not only his friends, but his political enemies who knew him personally, loved and admired the man—they could not help it. No one could look upon him without being immediately impressed with the conviction of being in the presence of an extraordinary individual. There was an indefinable something in his appearance, manners and deportment, that was irresistibly captivating, and that marked him plainly as one differing materially from all ordinary men.

He has now departed from us forever. We shall never more behold him upon this earth, and indeed, few of the present generation cannot expect ever to behold another like him. The world produces but few such men as Andrew Jackson. Regrets would be unavailing, but we can and will cherish his remembrance, as that of one who has been the pride and ornament of his country. The impartial historian, will assign him a rank among the greatest heroes and patriots, of the present or any other age. May his precepts strengthen our bonds of union and the love of liberty, and his example stimulate the rising generation of Americans, to seek for renown, in deeds of virtue and disinterested patriotism.

## The Whigs and Texas.

There are a few “leading” Whigs in this State who, sincerely or insincerely, go for Oregon, Texas, their own country, against the machinations of England. Many of them, however, are still avowedly hostile to the annexation of Texas, especially in this category is the Indiana Journal, and the phalanx of Whig leaders by whom it is directed. That paper has repeatedly called upon its party to choose men at the coming election, as Congressmen and members of the General Assembly of the State, who will defeat the consummation of Annexation, and thus disgrace their own country, in the eyes of the whole world, for the gratification of the ambition and vanity of Great Britain. To such as are disposed to even listen with the least compunction to the impudent advice of the Journal, we commend the following article from the Lexington, Ky., Observer, a paper in the confidence and conducted under the auspices of HENRY CLAY.

The news we give from Mexico will arrest the attention of our readers. There can be no doubt that England is actively engaged in Mexican and Texian affairs. What is now proper for the United States? When Mr. Clay wrote his letter from Raleigh against John Tyler’s presidential scheme of annexation, it will be recollect that the demands of the grim monster could not longer be resisted. The progress of his disease was such that life could no longer be sustained. This fact was known to the suffering old hero early on Sunday, and he freely committed it to his friends, his countrymen, and his family. During the day he had been occupied with his “innumerable sins”—his constant conversation had constant reference to his approaching dissolution, but at no time did he express the slightest apprehension as to his early preparation for the awful changes or the least fear of appearing in the presence of his Great Judge.

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## The Public Money.

It will be remembered that when the Whig Congress repealed the Independent Treasury law, they adopted a better substitute than the old exploded “pet bank system,” which was liable at any crisis to explode in bankruptcy, and cheat the Government out of all its funds; and which they had previously condemned in the most positive manner. All the Democrats could do, under the circumstances, was to demand that the Deposite Banks should give security, according to the judgment of the Secretary of the Treasury. As a matter of necessity, therefore, the public deposits have been kept in banks selected by the Secretary of the Treasury, up to the present time. Some doubts and rumors having been expressed and started in various quarters, the Washington Union notices some of them, and says:

“No permanent system has been adopted by the Secretary of the Treasury. He is engaged at present in securing the public money, and rendering the most active and efficient; increasing the deposits in the mint, and the coinage, especially of dimes and half dimes, to be used under the new post office law. The Independent Treasury Bill has been repeated; and the Secretary is further embarrassed by the provision of the act of the 17th June, 1841, recognizing to a certain extent the then existing Deposite Bank System, and declaring, further, that no changes be made except for non-compliance with the instructions of the Treasury Department, or the failure to furnish sufficient security.” This provision was no doubt designed to be changed, when the Democratic party should come into power in the two Houses of Congress. Then the Secretary of the Treasury will carry out his specific doctrines to the full extent permitted by the law, and especially that he will increase the coinage, is certain. But he will not attempt to violate or evade the law, to carry out any doctrine he may entertain.

We repeat, the Secretary is contributing his proportion of public duty to facilitate the introduction of the new post office law. He has already drawn upon the places of deposit for Mexican dollars, &c., to be sent to the mint and branch mints in different sums of \$30,000, \$70,000, \$100,000, and \$50,000—to the amount, in all, of \$250,000, to be coined into dimes, for the use of the people under the new post office law. More will be sent, to the full extent authorized by law.

The next issue will probably be quarters, when a sufficient number of dimes and half dimes is coined.

Q.—The following is one of the best of many good poems of similar character, written by Mrs. BOUVER.

For the Indiana State Sentinel.

## The Oregon Emigrant’s Address to the American Flag.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

Dear Sirs:—As I unfold thee,

To gaze on thy beautiful embroidery once more,

An angel is whispering that I shall behold thee,

Triumphant waving o’er Oregon’s shore.

Now on the breeze thou art gracefully streaming,

Like some lovely spit untaught by earth,

Thy stars are as purely and brilliantly beaming

As when they rose o’er the land of my birth.

To form thee, a bright band of angels attended,

Each with an offering of Heaven’s own eye,

And patriot’s hand, when the colors were blemished,

The stripes of the rainbow, the stars of the sky,

I go to the land where the orange is thowing,

It’s Eden-like wealth on the wing of the breeze;

Where beautiful lakes and bright rivers are flowing,

To mingle their waves with the tide of the seas.

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I go to the land where the orange is thowing,

It’s Eden-like wealth on the wing of the breeze;

Where beautiful lakes and bright rivers are flowing,

To mingle their waves with the tide of the seas.

Wilt thou, like the pillar of cloud, go before me,

As far from my kindred and home I depart;

To see thy proud stripes waving gallantly o’er me,

Would quicken my footsteps and gladden my heart.

Beside the Atlantic our fathers victorious,

The star-spangled banner in triumph displayed;

Shall not their sons plant it stainless and glorious

Where waves of the noble Pacific are staid?

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